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Easter Carols



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EASTER CAROLS

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"MOTHERHOOD" "BREATH OF FIELD AND SHORE" ETC.



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EASTER CAROLS

HE IS RISEN

“ **H**E is risen ! He is not here ! ”
Come the dark grave anear
And see the angel of light
In his robe of dazzling white
To your longing eyes appear !

Listen ! Be of good cheer !
Love shall dispel all fear ;
Fled is the sad, lone night ;
“ He is risen ! ”

O Lord and Saviour dear !
Make the truth shine so clear
Unto our grief-dimmed sight,
Make the glad word so bright,
As to dry every tear :
“ He is risen ! ”

EASTER CAROLS



EASTER SONG

THE song of the sap
From its mother's lap
Springing to welcome the Easter Day ;
The song of the wood
That groweth good
With the sap that riseth and will not stay ;

Clear harmonies
Of the fluted trees, —
The organ-pipes of the bird and bee ;
The voice that wells
From the leaflet-cells, —
A hidden murmur of melody !



The opening sheath
Of the willow's wreath ;
Chorus of birds, high carolling ;
The cymballed psalm
Of the air's soft palm
Closing after the cleaving wing ;

The patter of showers,
The waving flowers,
The symphony of the south wind free ;
The vibrant harp
Of the ice-clad scarp,
Struck to the chord of the sounding sea ;

The whirl of wings,
The bubbling springs,
The bursting ice and the melting snow ;
The rapid's roar
And the rippling shore,
The unchained brooks and the rivers' flow ;

.....

The nestling broods,
The interludes
Of chirp and trill, of coo and call;
The loosening hold
Of the leaf-bud's fold,
And the resurrection of each and all!

Let the pæan rise
In the eastern skies,
While planets sing on their mystic ways;
With heart and voice
Earth and heaven rejoice,
And the song of life be a song of praise!

THE BLITHE YOUNG SPRING

SHE is dancing along tip-toe,
The blithe young Spring, — she is near!
She calleth the winds to blow,

To blow, — and the ice and snow
Vanish from field and mere.
She is dancing along tip-toe,

To the song of the Vireo,
And the rivulets tremble and hear.
She calleth the winds to blow,

And the ferns and the grasses, lo!
And the daffodils, appear.
She is dancing along tip-toe,

And the clods and the rootlets know
 'Tis the spring-tide of the year.
She calleth the winds to blow,

And the streams and the fountains flow
 With a melody fresh and clear.
She calleth the winds to blow,
She is dancing along tip-toe !



PRYTHEE HASTE

SNOWDROP, crocus, prythee haste,
Call the heedless Spring!
Over winter's snowy waste

Woo her gently, an' thou mayst,
Sweetly dallying;
Snowdrop, crocus, prythee haste!

Birds that erst her coming graced,
Bluebird, robin, sing!
Over winter's snowy waste,

Where the frost its flowerets traced,
Sound her welcoming.
Snowdrop, crocus, prythee haste!



Down the wood-path where she paced,
 Flits the thrush's wing,
Over winter's snowy waste.

Willow-buds, but half unlaced,
 Slip your dainty string.
Over winter's snowy waste,
Snowdrop, crocus, prythee haste!



THE EPIGÆA

OUT of the woods' dim sepulchre,
Fresh from the shrouding leaves,
Bloom the flowers for Easter morning,
And my heart their pledge receives,
Of the Lord of the Resurrection,
Who death and loss retrieves.

Sweet to my sense their presence,
Lovely their soft pink flush!
As the day-spring lights the heavens
In the Easter morning's hush,
So the message of life perfumes them,
And kindles their tender blush.

“See! Life from death awaketh!”

The mould-sprung blossoms say;

“Angels from sealèd sepulchre

Have rolled the stone away;

Christ is risen, and through the shadow

Streams the eternal day!”



RESURRECTION

REJOICE! the veil is rent;
The earth awakes;
And Nature's long, sad Lent,
Spring's beauty breaks.

Behold! now opened wide
The radiant room,
While angels sit beside
The unsealed tomb.

And risen, waiting near,
The Saviour stands,
With gaze serene and dear,
And outstretched hands.

“Rabboni !” “ Mary !” Stay,
 ’Twas He replied !
“ ’Tis Resurrection Day,
 And death hath died !”

EASTER DAY

ON Easter Day the risen Lord
Walks through earth's garden, fair and
broad,

And calls to every leaf and flower
In tone of sweet, commanding power.
Nature obeys the gracious word,
And springs to life with glad accord
Of bloom and song the skies toward,
In full and fresh creative dower,
On Easter Day.

So hears the soul the voice of God,
And takes the Spirit's shining sword
To pierce the shades of death that lower, —
Reveal the resurrection hour,
That shall immortal life afford,
On Easter Day.

THE SNOWDROP COMES

THE snowdrop comes on Easter Day,
Nor long the crocus shall delay;
And soon, ah! soon the daisies bloom,
The Mayflower finds its own sweet room,
And flaunts the dandelion gay.
Life, with its glad, exultant sway, —
Earth, sky, in bridal fresh array, —
While, usher of the bride and groom,
The snowdrop comes!

Hear what the pure, shy blossoms say:
“Though fields are bare, and skies are gray,
And life seems shrouded o’er with gloom,
An angel sits within the tomb,
In robes of white, to praise and pray.”
The snowdrop comes!

AN EASTER ANGEL

AN Easter angel, pure and white,
Shone forth to my astonished sight.

“Whence art thou,” low I said,

“To meet me where I sought the dead,
With all the radiance of thy dazzling light,
O Easter angel?”

“God called me from the gloom of death and
night
That shrouds the patient earth, o’er her to
shed

Glory instead, —
An Easter angel!”

.....

“I am the snowdrop, by life's silent might
Risen from wintry frosts to beauty bright,
By Spring's glad fountains fed,
All resurrection in my coming pledged,
Token that death and darkness take their
flight, —

An Easter angel!”



O LIGHTED TOMB

O LIGHTED tomb! where is thy boasted
Dead?

Folded the napkin wrapped about His head,
Empty the radiant room
Where angels through the gloom
Their dazzling light have shed.

“Where have ye laid Him?” Mary said,
Then to the Master sped,
Who vanquished death’s dark doom,
O lighted tomb!

So wakes the earth by Easter beams o’er-
spread,
To resurrection led.
Each barren clod shall bloom,
Death’s empty house be filled with life’s
perfume,
Earth’s lighted tomb!



THE BLUEBIRD

AS high in air the bluebird flies,
And cheerly sings,
Though dark the cloud, and chill the skies,

With steady aim her way she plies
On tireless wings.
As high in air the bluebird flies,

Her carols sweet the heart surprise,
And courage springs.
Though dark the cloud, and chill the skies,

'Tis light and joy to waiting eyes,
And promise brings.
As high in air the bluebird flies,



My soul puts on her braver guise,
Her carol rings.
Though dark the cloud, and chill the skies,

Above them all to God she hies
With heavenly things.
As high in air the bluebird flies,

So shall my soul exultant rise,
While far she flings
All earth-born doubt and care that dies,
As high in air she soars and flies,
Though dark the cloud, and chill the skies.

SWEET SIBYL SPRING

SWEET sibyl Spring! thy verdant scroll
Still let the warm south winds unroll,
Till every syllable is seen
Adown its pages soft and green,
Wherein may read the trusting soul
How all things rest in His control,
Who fills with joy life's golden bowl,
And writes His love in fairest sheen;
Sweet sibyl Spring!

Around thy borders as we stroll,
We learn the pure, the perfect whole,
So full of promise is thy mien;
Of all the year the prophet-queen;
Bright type of birth, and pledge of goal;
Sweet sibyl Spring!



RING, EASTER CAROLS

RING, Easter carols, ring!
Bluebird and robin sing,

Thrilling the air,
Spring-tide declare!

Waft on your joyous wing
Glints of bright blossoming;
Let your glad voices bring
Hopes sweet and rare.

Ring, Easter carols!

Now to God's love we cling,
Trustful and worshipping,
Soaring in prayer.

Heaven is so fair,
Christ is our offering.

Ring, Easter carols!



THE BRIDAL FESTIVAL

I.

NATURE in sweet bewilderment
From out her snowy vesture creeps :
The gentle Spring forgetful sleeps,
Lulled in her dream of deep content, —

Dream that in rosy hopes will break,
When dancing o'er the daisied lea,
Shall step the bride Persephone,
And all the earth to life awake.

Shy Nature kneels in trembling guise,
Her pure brow white as driven snow,
Her fleecy robes the south winds blow,
Love's mystery lights her dewy eyes.

She hears the ripple on the shore,
The tuneful bluebird cleave the skies:
Her heart leaps up in glad surprise
To know her hour has come once more.

II.

Swift-footed bride, Persephone,
How blush the meadows at thy tread!
The oak unfurls his banners red,
And swallows come across the sea.

The downy willow from her shroud
Hangs out her tassels' yellow bloom,
The nestling fern unrolls its plume.
The modest woods are veiled in cloud.

How gleams the golden oriole
Out-glancing from her swinging nest,
Her chirping brood beneath her breast
While songs of joy to Nature roll!

Ring every golden buttercup, —
A bell of bridal festival;
Weave white the daisy coronal,
And gather all the sweetness up.

III.

The chrysalid with rapture stirs:
The water-beetle feels more nigh
His glory of the dragon-fly,
And nectar fills the flower-spurs.

Down in the confidential green
Of clover-fields the insects hum,
While myriad creatures pipe and drum,
And live their busy life unseen.

The flowers of the Indian corn
Droop their fair feathers o'er the sheath,
And all their pollen grains bequeath
That golden harvests may be born.

Extract from "Persephone."



MIRACLE OF LIFE

IV.

BEWILDERING miracle of life!
The brooding nest, the swelling bud,
The rushing river at its flood,
And Spring with all its promise rife.

Now Nature calls from star to clod
All things to fruitful blossoming :
The resurrection-soul of Spring
Speaks out the vernal thought of God.

For birth is holy as a shrine,
And sacred is the hidden germ ;
The seed is sown when faith is firm,
And Nature's vestal hour divine.



V.

From birth to death, from death to
birth :

So sing the swift recurring years.

The chant rolls on in other spheres,
“Behold, I make new heavens and earth!”

New senses, new rewards of sense,
The spectrum filled, all dark lines
bright.

Released from this close-fettered sight,
We see life's fuller evidence.

And music unimagined here,
Shall break in wave on wave of sound,
No grand chords silent, and no bound
To limit the enfranchised ear.

Fresh miracle and fresh desire,
And nature's still enlarging scope,
A deeper faith, a broader hope,
A steadier purpose to aspire ;

New inspiration rounding life,
And speeding it upon its way,
To those great cycles where the day
Is without shadow, without strife.

Extract from "Persephone."



EASTER LILIES

THE pure and holy lilies
Attend their Lord alway :
The Easter-lilies praise Him,
They “of the valley” pray.

Red-lilies speak His passion,
Field-lilies breathe His love,
And Water-lilies image
His peace in heaven above.

Weave in the glorious blossoms
To deck the Easter-tide,
An offering fit and spotless,
By Jesus sanctified !



And when in bliss we see Him, —
The gates of life thrown wide, —
The Angel of the Lily
Shall lead us to His side.

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